

HAPPY DAYS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

Dear Children of the Club:
The editor again reminds all children writing for the page to send their addresses written plainly and in full on whatever they send, whether stories, letters, puzzles or answers to puzzles. Otherwise contribution cannot be published. No contributor writing on both sides of the paper can hope to appear in print.
Whenever the editor takes a walk abroad these fine June days the beauty all around of green trees, grass and flowers, deepens the realization of the joys of out-of-door living that the season brings with it for boys and girls, who are about done with books and school for several months to come.
The editor is glad to think that wherever their summer outings may take the members of the T. D. C. a link will bind them to The Times-Dispatch, and their glad experiences will come back to the editor like white-winged messengers, telling about green meadows, cool streams and all of the sights and scenes of the country side, in which "Duster Brown" seems to be reveling at present. Do you think you will go fishing, and have you a net to catch butterflies?

The Japanese Tea Gardens.
Near the center of the World's Fair Grounds is a very artistic little park, known as the Japanese Tea Gardens. It is situated on a hill and in it are beautiful trees, shrubbery and different flowers, which grow in Japan. There are little alcoves with rustic bridges over them, and odd little benches on the banks.
In the center of the park is a large pavilion with polished floors, where the little Japanese girls dressed in their usual costumes, were serving tea, crackers and loaves. Some of us got some tea and crackers.

The tea was very funny tasting and served without sugar. The china was the dainty Japanese blue and white china. The Japanese girls could speak very little English, so it was very hard to understand them.
The pavilion, which was two stories high, was furnished with bamboo tables and stools, the latter, though very pretty, are not very comfortable. Every-thing was so lovely, foreign that I almost forgot you were in the United States.

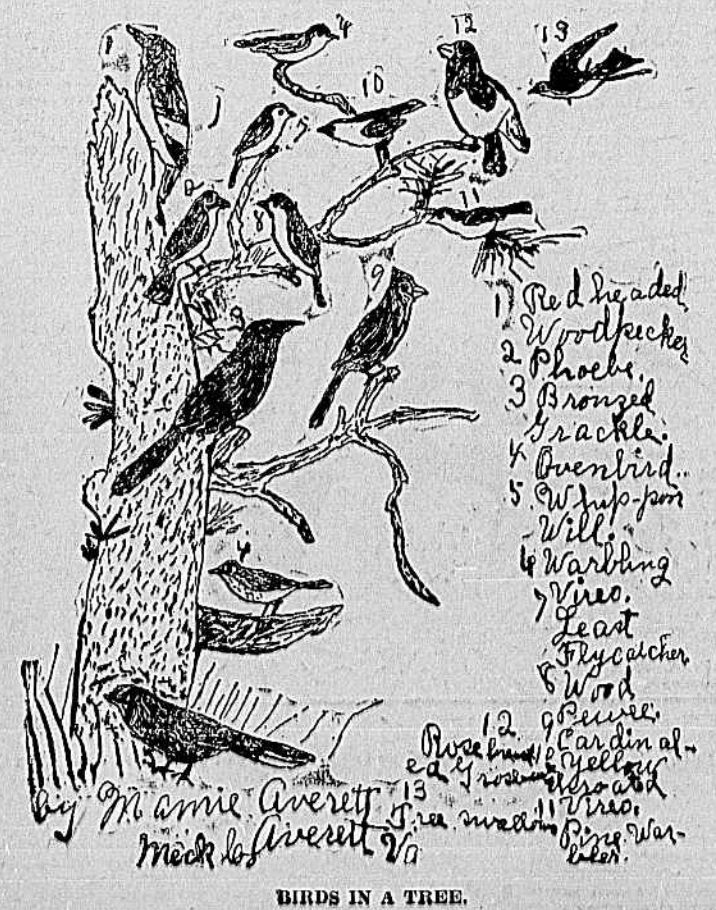
Another Japanese place of interest that we visited was the Japanese Art Museum. The Japanese girls, who were painting pictures. I bought one of the pictures and one of the artists painted me a picture on the back of his card.
SARA D. STARKER,
54 W. Grace Street, Richmond, Va.

How the Cricket Brought Good Fortune.

II. CHAPTER.
The child did not seem to hear; something absorbed his attention. The baker's wife went up to him and gave him a friendly pat on the shoulder. "What are you thinking about, little boy?" "Ma'am," said the little boy, "what is it that I hear singing?" "There is no singing," she replied.
"Yes," cried the little fellow. "Hear it! Quick, quick, quick." "Hear it! My friend and the woman both listened, but they heard nothing, unless it was the sound of the cricket in a bird," said the dear little fellow; or, perhaps, the bread singer as it begins to bake. "No, indeed," said the baker's wife, "those are crickets. They sing in the baker-house because they are lighting the oven, and they like to see the fire."
"Crickets!" said the little boy; "are they really crickets?"
"Yes; to be sure," she said, good humoredly. The child's face lit up.
"Ma'am," said the child, blushing at his request, "I would like it very much if you would give me one." "What?" said the baker's wife, smiling; "what in the world would you do with one, my little friend? I would gladly give you all you want; but crickets are not for sale." "Oh, ma'am, give me one; only one." They say that crickets bring good fortune into houses, and perhaps if I have one, some good thing will happen to me. I have many troubles, wouldn't cry any more."
(To Be Continued.)
LOUISE GARTHRIGHT,
62 N. Fifth Street.

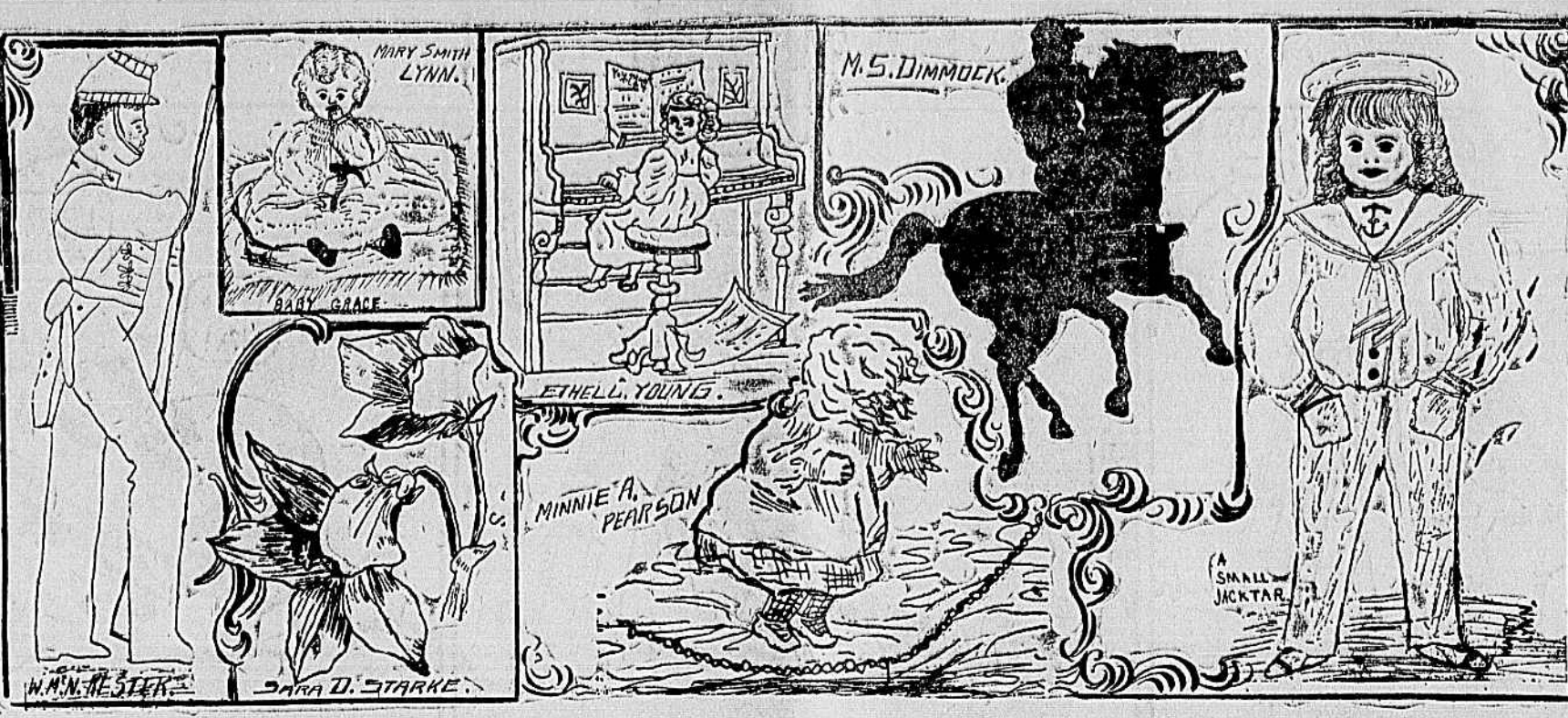
On the Warpath.

CHAPTER 13-Continued.
Frank got up and walked over to where his dead horse was and got his gun and blankets. He tore a strip of cloth from his jacket and after having set his arm, bound it securely to his side with the piece of rag. He set out towards the woods, which was about fifty yards away, to try to shoot something to eat. As he walked along, close behind him, in the east and the wind was blowing very hard. Frank, seeing that a storm was rising, tried to find a place for shelter. The sky was now clouding over with black clouds.
He found a place called "The Devil's Pudding," which was a large hollow basin, about ten feet in diameter, with rocks and water in the bottom. This basin was sheltered by a huge rock. He had hardly lain down behind the rock before the rain began to fall in torrents. The sky was lit up continually with white flashes of lightning and the air was rent with terrible blasts of thunder. The storm now changed into a cyclone; great trees were blown down in every direction and Frank had some very narrow escapes from being killed by falling trees. The water from the creek which ran near was blown from its bed to the land. The



BIRDS IN A TREE.

BOYS AND GIRLS DO CREDITABLE WORK AS ARTISTS



WANN-HESTER, SARA D. STARKER, ETHELL YOUNG, MINNIE A. PEARSON, M.S. DIMMOCK, A SMALL JACKAR.

THE PUZZLE DEPARTMENT

Conundrums.
1. Have you ever heard the story of the egg in the coffee pot?
2. Have you ever heard the story of the three eggs?
3. Have you ever heard the story of the one-eyed witch?
4. Have you ever heard the story of the two hooves in the ground?
5. Why does an old maid wear cotton gloves?
MARGARET LEB BOSWELL,
Chase City, Va.

Acrostic.
My first is in cart, but not in harp.
My second is in off, but not in caught.
My third is in foe, but not in foe.
My fourth is in fire, but not in hire.
My fifth is in eel, and also in heel.
My sixth is in ear, and also in hear.
My whole is what we all love to drink.
WILLIAM T. PULLEN, JR.,
Forkville, Va.,
Mecklenburg county.

Conundrums.
1. What nation produces the most marriages?
2. What word, by changing one letter, becomes its opposite?
3. What is that which you cannot hold for ten minutes, although as light as a feather?
4. What public singer draws the best and is clapped most?
5. What is that which becomes too young the longer it exists?
6. What is that which has a patch upon a patch and a hole in the middle?
By MAMIE AVERETT, Va.

Answers to Puzzles.
I. Eye; II. Lawuit; III. Welcome.
1. The beggar was named "I. A. Bald head."
ALMA LEB BOSWELL, Va.

Riddles.
1. Because it is out of breath.
2. One is something to wear, the other something to eat.
3. A charmingly and rurally true.
4. Because she is an interrogation point.
5. Because it is in "pale."
6. Because it is made for the use of man.

My Trip to the Country.
We went on Wednesday and stayed until Saturday with my grandfather and grandmother who live in the beautiful Shenandoah Valley. They were glad and surprised to see us. The Valley is lovely now; fertile fields of wheat and corn look like a dark green ocean with waves of grain lowing and bending as the wind passes on. Grandpa's farm is a delicious strawberry, plenty of eggs. I rode in the buggy with my grandpa to a nearby village. His good old driving horse is named Kate. She seems to like grandpa finely. I helped to milk the cows and sidled down many country roads and rich milk. My grandpa always gives me lots of nice things to take home to mother. I was as giddy as a bird when I got home, but I think that is becoming to boys. I'm like Buster Brown: "I pity city people because they can't live in country!"
After all we have our trials. Father and I miss the C. and W. train and had to go to Elkhart and wait hours for the N. and W. to take me to my aunt's home, "Shenandoah." I was tired of waiting and was real glad to see the old train come in, as I was anxious to see my little cousins-Margaret and Lunelle. We played soccer and tea party. My aunt Alma runs me, because she says she loves boys better than girls. They are so natural and don't put on airs. I really must close. I got my badge and think it is fine.
WILLIAM M. SHEPPE,
87 W. Main St., Charlottesville.

A Trip to the North Pole in a Balloon.
Here we start, all aboard. Oh! wait, we have not got the money to start. It will take quite a while to start yet! But we have got it now!
The balloon started up and I began to get nervous. Fifteen people had gotten on to the balloon, and I was the only one I had none. When the balloon had got about twenty thousand miles up in the air I did not know what to do. I looked all around and I could not see anything. So I finally thought of taking the telescope. I put the telescope to my eyes and looked at Siberia where the Russians were working like mules for a living for about ten cents a day. They looked as big as cockroaches. The balloon was getting ready to burst and all the people opened up their umbrellas and jumped out. They landed in Coney Island, Cretaceous. I stayed in the balloon and I took a string and I let it down. An Irishman put a keg of beer on it and sat himself on the keg. I pulled him up and he came down on the keg and landed safely on a mule's back.
EDDIE BRANTZ.

Andrew Jackson.
Andrew Jackson's father was also named Andrew Jackson. He was an Irishman, who came to the Waxhaw settlement on the line between N. C. and S. C. about ten years before the Revolution. He had built a log cabin, cleared a little land and raised a crop of corn, when he sickened and died. In this sad time his son, Andrew Jackson, was born. Andrew's mother lived with his father until he was two years old. From a little fellow "Andy" was a hot-tempered boy. Some larger boys once landed a gun very heavily and gave Andy to fire in order to see if he'd get knocked over by the "kick" of the gun. But the fierce little fellow had no sooner tumbled over than he got up and vowed that he would kill the first one that

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St. Peter's Church.
St. Peter's Church was built about two hundred years ago out of bricks which are said to have been brought from England and paid for with tobacco. Little is known of its early history, except that Washington was married in it. During the Civil War it was used as a stable

Letters From The Children
Dear Editor:
The book you sent as a prize for my contribution was received a few days ago and I write both to thank you for it and to say how delighted I am to win a prize in the T. D. C. C. I am encouraged so much, and I am going to send a story about one of my pets before long. I am sorry not to have a finished picture to send, but I only have a proof, taken with my brother, which I hope will do. My school doesn't close until the 22d of June, so I have a long time to go yet. Wishing the club much success, I am, Your friend,
JANIE RUFFIN SIMS,
Maxwellton, Va.

Dear Editor:
I received my paint book Friday, May 10th, and liked it very much. I think it was so nice for you to give such a nice and useful prize. Please put your picture in the paper, as we would feel better acquainted with you. I have a hen and fifteen nice chickens. They are nearly a week old. I will write a story for The T. D. C. C. page soon. I think the

Dear Editor:
I received my badge and I appreciate it very much. Everybody thinks it is beautiful. The reason I have not answered your letter before, I have been sick and had to go to the doctor. I sent you some drawings, but while ago, and have not seen them in the paper yet. If they are not good enough to be published I will write you a real story of our dog, Grover. Hoping the club much success, I am, Your truly,
SADIE BELLE TUCKER,
No. 24 Jefferson Street, Petersburg, Va.

Dear Editor:
Enclosed you will find some conundrums. I hope they are good enough to publish. My roses are in bloom and I think roses are so pretty and sweet. My chickens have hatched at last. I have thirty-one now. Well I must close. I have never seen any of my drawings published and I hope these conundrums will be good enough to publish. Wishing The T. D. C. C. much success,
Your little friend,
NETTIE CASH,
Midway Mills, Nelson county.

Dear Editor:
I sent a drawing last week, but did not see it in your paper. I send another this week, which I hope you will put in The T. D. C. C. I would like to join the T. D. C. C. So please send me a badge. Good-bye.
Yours sincerely,
MARIAH W. FANNILL,
Bassett, Va.

Dear Editor:
I have been reading the Children's Page for a long time and like it very much. I send you a drawing of which I hope to see in your paper. I think I shall send you a story before long. I live on a farm and enjoy farm life fine. We have four horses and a cow. I have a dog named Grover. I would like to see you about my ride the other day. I took my little sister with me and we had not time to get to the porch, so I had to leave her at home for putting the horse in the porch to keep her out of the rain. I wish to become a member of The T. D. C. C. So please send me a badge.
Yours truly,
Bassett, Va. THENIA FANNILL.

What does little birdie say
In his nest at peep of day?
"Let me fly," says little birdie;
"Mother, let me fly away."
"Birdie, wait a little longer."
"The little wings are stronger."
So she rests a little longer,
Then she flies away.

What does little baby say
In his nest at peep of day?
"Baby, sleep a little longer."
"Let me rise and fly away."
"Baby, sleep a little longer."
"The little limbs are stronger."
If she sleeps a little longer,
Baby, too, shall fly away."
Selected by BETNA GILBERT,
931 Brook Avenue.

Dear Editor:
I am a little girl eleven years old and I love to see the beautiful drawings of The T. D. C. C. page and read the interesting stories. I spend much of my spare time in drawing and would be very pleased to be enrolled as a member. Please send me a badge. Both of my sisters belong to the club. Enclosed is a drawing, which please publish. I will close for the present, hoping the club success.
Your little friend,
GRACE O. KEYS,
No. 112 West Leigh Street, city.

Dear Editor:
I recollect you have forgotten I am a member of your nice page, but really I have not had time yet to write. I had to go to school. Now as my school has closed, I will take more interest in The T. D. C. C. I wish I could be as far from home as I could go to school. I would try and get the prize for the nicest flower garden, as I dearly love to work in a garden. Mother always gave me a space in the garden for my vegetables. I have a real nice garden this year. I know all the children are glad to see the best of my page. I must close for fear my letter will be too long. I remain, Your true friend,
LOIS M. MAXEY,
Blackstone, Va.

Dear Editor:
I am a little girl ten years old and would like very much to join your club. I have been reading the children's letters and enjoyed it very much. I would be very glad if I could get a prize. I enjoy reading so much. My school has closed and I have been taking music. I like music fine. Please send me a badge. With best wishes,
Sincerely,
GEORGIE E. AVERETT,
Averett, Va.

Dear Editor:
As I have vacation I will write to The T. D. C. C. My school has closed and I am very sorry for I like to go to school very much. I am glad to see the members getting on so nicely. I am always glad to get the Sunday's paper. I enclose some drawings and hope you will think it fit for publication.
Yours truly,
VIRGINIA PARHAM BARRITT,
Maury, Va.

Dear Editor:
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Letters From The Children

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The book you sent as a prize for my contribution was received a few days ago and I write both to thank you for it and to say how delighted I am to win a prize in the T. D. C. C. I am encouraged so much, and I am going to send a story about one of my pets before long. I am sorry not to have a finished picture to send, but I only have a proof, taken with my brother, which I hope will do. My school doesn't close until the 22d of June, so I have a long time to go yet. Wishing the club much success, I am, Your friend,
JANIE RUFFIN SIMS,
Maxwellton, Va.

Dear Editor:
I received my paint book Friday, May 10th, and liked it very much. I think it was so nice for you to give such a nice and useful prize. Please put your picture in the paper, as we would feel better acquainted with you. I have a hen and fifteen nice chickens. They are nearly a week old. I will write a story for The T. D. C. C. page soon. I think the

Dear Editor:
I received my badge and I appreciate it very much. Everybody thinks it is beautiful. The reason I have not answered your letter before, I have been sick and had to go to the doctor. I sent you some drawings, but while ago, and have not seen them in the paper yet. If they are not good enough to be published I will write you a real story of our dog, Grover. Hoping the club much success, I am, Your truly,
SADIE BELLE TUCKER,
No. 24 Jefferson Street, Petersburg, Va.

Dear Editor:
Enclosed you will find some conundrums. I hope they are good enough to publish. My roses are in bloom and I think roses are so pretty and sweet. My chickens have hatched at last. I have thirty-one now. Well I must close. I have never seen any of my drawings published and I hope these conundrums will be good enough to publish. Wishing The T. D. C. C. much success,
Your little friend,
NETTIE CASH,
Midway Mills, Nelson county.

Dear Editor:
I sent a drawing last week, but did not see it in your paper. I send another this week, which I hope you will put in The T. D. C. C. I would like to join the T. D. C. C. So please send me a badge. Good-bye.
Yours sincerely,
MARIAH W. FANNILL,
Bassett, Va.

Dear Editor:
I have been reading the Children's Page for a long time and like it very much. I send you a drawing of which I hope to see in your paper. I think I shall send you a story before long. I live on a farm and enjoy farm life fine. We have four horses and a cow. I have a dog named Grover. I would like to see you about my ride the other day. I took my little sister with me and we had not time to get to the porch, so I had to leave her at home for putting the horse in the porch to keep her out of the rain. I wish to become a member of The T. D. C. C. So please send me a badge.
Yours truly,
Bassett, Va. THENIA FANNILL.

What does little birdie say
In his nest at peep of day?
"Let me fly," says little birdie;
"Mother, let me fly away."
"Birdie, wait a little longer."
"The little wings are stronger."
So she rests a little longer,
Then she flies away.

What does little baby say
In his nest at peep of day?
"Baby, sleep a little longer."
"Let me rise and fly away."
"Baby, sleep a little longer."
"The little limbs are stronger."
If she sleeps a little longer,
Baby, too, shall fly away."
Selected by BETNA GILBERT,
931 Brook Avenue.

Dear Editor:
I am a little girl eleven years old and I love to see the beautiful drawings of The T. D. C. C. page and read the interesting stories. I spend much of my spare time in drawing and would be very pleased to be enrolled as a member. Please send me a badge. Both of my sisters belong to the club. Enclosed is a drawing, which please publish. I will close for the present, hoping the club success.
Your little friend,
GRACE O. KEYS,
No. 112 West Leigh Street, city.

Dear Editor:
I recollect you have forgotten I am a member of your nice page, but really I have not had time yet to write. I had to go to school. Now as my school has closed, I will take more interest in The T. D. C. C. I wish I could be as far from home as I could go to school. I would try and get the prize for the nicest flower garden, as I dearly love to work in a garden. Mother always gave me a space in the garden for my vegetables. I have a real nice garden this year. I know all the children are glad to see the best of my page. I must close for fear my letter will be too long. I remain, Your true friend,
LOIS M. MAXEY,
Blackstone, Va.

Dear Editor:
I am a little girl ten years old and would like very much to join your club. I have been reading the children's letters and enjoyed it very much. I would be very glad if I could get a prize. I enjoy reading so much. My school has closed and I have been taking music. I like music fine. Please send me a badge. With best wishes,
Sincerely,
GEORGIE E. AVERETT,
Averett, Va.

Dear Editor:
As I have vacation I will write to The T. D. C. C. My school has closed and I am very sorry for I like to go to school very much. I am glad to see the members getting on so nicely. I am always glad to get the Sunday's paper. I enclose some drawings and hope you will think it fit for publication.
Yours truly,
VIRGINIA PARHAM BARRITT,
Maury, Va.

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